THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

Again we have it in our power, and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity, to call the attention of Taste and Connoisseurship to the interesting subject of THE FINE ARTS. In the very infancy of the Pennsylvania Academy, though much has been done, much remains to be done. A collection of statues and of busts has been made, but while wondering Curiosity gazed at polished marble, liberal Curiosity asked for the history of the sculptor and an explanation of his objects. This is now given; and for the following *Catalogue Raisonnée*, the editor and the publick are indebted to a Lady, who, after consulting the best authorities, has arranged her ideas and descriptions with all that grace, which feminine genius is so prone to display on every topick that awakens the imagination.

We cannot terminate this introduction, without manifesting our joy at the prosperity of an institution whose basis is utility, and whose pillars are taste and magnificence.

Catalogue of Statues and Busts in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

1. THE PYTHIAN APOLLO, or APOLLO BELVIDERE. This statue is much celebrated in sculpture, and esteemed by the majority of artists, the most excellent and sublime of all the ancient productions. It was found towards the end of the fifteenth century, at *Capo d'Auzo*, upon the sea-coast, about twelve leagues from Rome, in the ruins of Antium. It was purchased during the cardinalate of Pope Julius II, and placed in his palace near the church of *Santi Apostoli;* but soon after his elevation to the popedom, he removed it to the Belvidere of the Vatican, whence it derives its name, and where it was for three hundred years the admiration of the world; until Rome was taken and sacked by the French, who have transported this divine statue to the Museum at Paris.

The marble of which this statue was formed is of so peculiar a kind, as to occasion much doubt among antiquarians and naturalists, about the quarry it was taken from. The sculptors of Rome are of opinion that the marble is Grecian. It most probably, however, came from a quarry now entirely unknown. We can with as little accuracy denote the artist; although some accounts state, that this statue was the work of *Agathias*, the Ephesian, yet the *Sçavans*, who were sent to Rome, at the time of the incursion of the French into Italy, to explore the works of art and their history, state, that the sculptor is certainly unknown. The god is here represented with his quiver hanging behind his right shoulder, and his pallium over his left arm, which is extended, and has in the hand the remains of a bow, from which he is supposed to have just discharged an arrow at the serpent Python. On this ac-

count the statue is called *Apollo Pythus* or Pythian Apollo. The stump of the tree, which appears to be introduced merely, to support the figure, presents an interesting allusion, it being the trunk of the ancient olive tree of Delos under whose shade the god was born, and the serpent, which surrounds it, is the symbol of physick, of which he was patron. The right fore arm, and the left hand, which were wanting, have been restored by *Giovanni Angelo da Montorsoli*, the pupil of Michael Angelo.

2. The group of LAOCOON, the son of Priam and a Priest of Apollo, who, strongly opposed the admission of the wooden horse into Troy, which he knew enclosed the Grecks armed for the destruction of that city. To open the eyes of his fellow citizens, he even dared to direct his javelin against the fatal machine. Irritated by his temerity, the gods, who were enemies to Troy, decreed his punishment. Accordingly, when on the sea-coast, Laocoon crowned with laurel, and attended by his two sons, was sacrificing to Neptune, two enormous serpents rushed suddenly upon them from the water. In vain he struggles, they encircle him and his children in their folds, and tear them with their venomous fangs. In spite of the efforts that he makes to disengage himself this unfortunate father with his two sons, the deplorable victim of unjust vengeance, seeming, by their eyes turned towards heaven to implore mercy from the gods, expire in the most inexpressible agonies. Such is the subject of this admirable group, one of the most perfect works which the chisel has produced. A chef d'œuvre of composition, design, and sentiment, which has stood the test of ages, and of which no commentaries have been able to weaken the impression. It was found in 1506, during the Pontificate of Julius II, at Rome, on Mount Esquilin, in the ruins of the palace of Titus. Pliny, who speaks of it with admiration, saw it in the same place. To him we are indebted for the names of its sculptors, *Agesander*, *Polydorus*, and *Athenodorus*, of Rhodes. Agesander was probably the father of the others. They flourished in the first age of the vulgar era. The group is composed of five blocks, so artfully united that Pliny thought they were but one. The right arm of the father and the two arms of the children are wanting. They are not in the antique, though, doubtless they will one day be executed in marble as they have been restored by *Girardon* in plaster, to the original in the Louvre. All the copies have been made from the original without the addition of the arms. The only objection which has been made to the perfection of this group, is that the sons, with the countenance and expression of manhood, have only the size of children.

3. The VENUS DE MEDICI, is here represented as just from the sea. Her divinely graceful form is unembarrased by drapery, her hair collected behind, displays the beauties of her polished neck, and her head gently inclines to the left, as smiling affably upon the graces who are supposed to be about to attire her. The value of this statue is greatly heightened by its perfect preservation. It was found in Rome, about the middle of the last century, between the Quirinal and Viminal Mounts. It was placed in the garden of the Palace de Medici, from which it takes its name, to distinguish it from its rival Sister, the Venus of the Capitol. It is unnecessary to add that this statue is the admiration of the world. It was transplanted into Paris at the same time of the Apollo, and this cast was made from the original, now at the Museum there.

4. GLADIATOR BORGHESE, or fighting Gladiator. This has been improperly denominated of the Borghese Palace. From the characters of its inscription it appears to be of greater antiquity than any other characterized by the name of the artist. History gives us no particular relative to *Agasias* of Ephesus, authour of this chef d'œuvre; but the work, which he has left bears the strongest testimony of his merit. Antiquarians are divided in their judgment of this figure; some

have supposed it a Discobolus, or thrower of the disk; but others with more probability, have pronounced it a statue, erected to the honour of some Grecian warriour, who had signalized himself on some perilous occasion: this appears perfectly to coincide with the attitude of the figure, which is at the same time actively offensive and defensive; on the left arm the strap of the buckler, which he is supposed to carry is distinctly seen; the right arm is supposed to hold a javelin; his looks are directed upwards, as if defending himself from a danger, threatening from above; this position militates against the idea of its being the statue of a fighting gladiator, as his opponent may be supposed on horseback; besides, it is believed the honour of a statue was never granted to a gladiator of the publick arena; and this production is supposed anteriour to the institution of gladiators in Greece. It is, however, probable that it may have originated in the fancy of some ancient artist, who intended the attitude to correspond with the expression of the countenance and the amazing muscular strength of the figure. This statue, as well as the Apollo, was discovered in the city of Antium, the birth place of the Emperour Nero, which he embellished at an enormous expense.

5. The Venus of the Bath, called Venus Accroupie, is supposed to be in the bath or just leaving it. It is not necessary that we should say much to recommend this beautiful little figure to those, who can appreciate excellence, and it is rare to see a subject, which has more charms. It is probably the work of *Polycharmus* who is known to have made a crouching Venus which was seen at Rome in the time of Pliny.

6. Castor and Pollux, by some supposed to be the Decii devoting themselves for their country. Nothing can be learned with respect to this group, as to when, or by whom executed, or the supposed situation of the figures, which are so highly estimable for the symmetry of the form, and the delicacy of the execution. They were twin brothers, and sons of Jupiter and Leda. Mercury, immediately after their birth, carried them to Pallena, where they were educated, and as soon as they had arrived at the years of maturity, they embarked with Jason, on the Argonautick expedition. In this adventure, both behaved with signal courage; the latter conquered and slew Amycus, in the combat of the cestus, and was after considered the god and patron of boxing and wrestling. The former distinguished himself in the* management of horses. After their return from Colchis they freed the Hellespont and the neighbouring pass from pirates, from which circumstance they have always been deemed the protectors of seamen. They were invited to the nuptial feast of Lycas and Idas, where becoming enamoured with the brides (the daughters of Leucippus) a battle ensued, in which Lycas fell by the hand of Castor, who was killed by Idas. Pollux revenged the death of his brother in the blood of Idas. Pollux, tenderly attached to his brother, and inconsolable for his loss, entreated Jupiter either to restore Castor to life, or permit him to resign his own immortality; Jupiter listened benignly to his prayer, and consented that the immortality of Pollux should be shared with his brother, and that it should be alternately enjoyed by them. This act of fraternal love Jupiter rewarded by making the two brothers constellations in heaven, under the name of Gemini.

7. Germanicus, son of Drusus and Antonia, is supposed to be represented by this statue. The style of the hair indeed indicates a Roman personage, but it cannot be this prince, for medals, and other monuments, represent him very differently. A more attentive examination of this figure discovers an analogy with that of Mercury; the extended position of the right arm, the chalmys, thrown over the left, which holds the caduceus, and rests on a tortoise, consecrated to this god as the inventor of the lyre, favour this idea. But a more reason-

* *Debellator equorum.*

able conjecture might be admitted, that under these forms and with the attributes of the god of eloquence, the ingenious artist has portrayed a Roman Orator celebrated for his powers on the rostrum. This beautiful statue in Parian marble is the work of Cleomenes, son of Cleomenes the Athenian, and is not more valuable for the superiour excellence and symmetry of the form, than for its perfect preservation. It is taken from the gallery of Versailles, where it was placed in the reign of Louis XIV. It may also be seen at Rome in the Villa Montalto or Negroni.

8. CERES. The original of this charming figure is of Parian marble: the correctness of its form, and delicacy of its drapery, entitle it to be called a model of taste. It is clad in a tunick, over which is thrown a mantle or peplum; both are finished in so masterly a manner, that through the mantle are perceived the knots of the cord, which ties the tunick round her waist. It was taken from the museum of the Vatican, having been placed there by Clement XIV. It previously ornamented the Villa Mattei on Mount Esquilin, and was then incomplete. The artist, who repaired this statue, having placed in its hand some ears of wheat, the name of Ceres has probably from that circumstance been given to it: otherwise the virginal character of the head, and simplicity of its headdress, would induce a belief that the muse Clio was intended by it and that a book should have been placed in the hand instead of the ears of wheat.

9. SILENUS, with the infant Bacchus, or the reposing faun, to the description of which this statue seems to answer, except that the figure is described as holding a flute in its right hand. The grace, which reigns in the figure, and the numerous copies of the original, which seems more properly executed in bronze, than in marble, would lead us to conjecture that this might be an antique copy of the *Faun* or *Satyr* of *Praxitiles*, worked in bronze, of which the reputation was so great in Greece that they distinguished it for its excellence by the name of περιβοητος, or the famous. This statue in Pentelican marble (so called from its quarry in Mount Pentelus near to Athens) was found in 1701, near to Lanuvium, now called Civita Lavinia, where Marcus Aurelius had a pleasure house. Benedict 14th, had it placed in the Museum of the Capitol.

10. ANTINOUS OF THE CAPITOL. This young and amiable Bythynian, to whom the gratitude of the Emperour Adrian raised such numerous monuments, we find here represented as scarcely having attained maturity. He is naked; his position leaning, and the style of the hair, are somewhat similar to Mercury, whose wand probably he holds in his right hand. In spite of the youthfulness expressed in this statue, we see imprinted in the expression of the face, and in the head, inclined towards the earth, that settled melancholy sadness by which we distinguish his portraits, and which has made this line of Virgil on Marcellus, applicable to him.

Sed frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu.

The fore arm and left leg are modern. This beautiful statue in marble de Luni, comes from the Museum of the Capitol, where it was placed after having been in the collection of the Cardinal *Alexander Albani*.

11. FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES, called the TORSE OF THE BELVIDERE. The remains of this admirable statue, although deprived by time of the head, the arms and the legs, appear to represent the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, at the moment when he becomes immortal on Mount Œta. The lion's skin thrown on the rock where the figure is sitting, and the amazing size of the limbs leave no doubt of the true subject of this statue.

The sculptor has delineated no veins in the body of the hero, which is wonderful, as he is not represented in his youth, and his great muscular strength appears to exclude that plumpness of form, which alone could require the suppression of the veins. *Winkelmann* is of opinion, that the ar-

tist, by this, wishes to indicate the Apotheosis of Hercules, who is just about to change into a God on the funeral pile of Mount Œta.

When we examine with attention, this incomparable fragment, we see many indications that the figure of Alcides was in a group with another figure placed on its left. The fable of the Apotheosis of Hercules recals to us Hebe, the goddess of youth, that the new god had just obtained for his wife. A modern sculptor, M. Flaxman, an Englishman, has attempted to restore, in this sense, the copy of the Torse, and his essay has been crowned with the most complete success. This piece of sculpture, in Pentelican marble, presents, on the rock, the following insertion (in Greek) "The work of Apollonius the son of Nestor, an Athenian." The account which we have is probably correct, that this precious fragment was dug up at Rome, towards the close of the fifteenth century, near the theatre of Pompey, now the *Campo di Tiore*. It appears very probable, that it was in the time of Pompey this Athenian artist flourished in Rome. Julius 2nd placed this Torse in the garden of the Vatican, as well as the Apollo and the Laocoon. It served there for ages as a study for the Michael Angelos, Raphaels and the Carracchis, to whom we are indebted for the perfection of the Fine Arts. Artists have always known it under the vulgar name of the Torse of the Belvidere. There exists nothing of ancient sculpture executed in grander style.

12. APOLLINE, or, the YOUNG APOLLO. This statue is naked, and is supposed to hold his lyre in his left hand. This beautiful little figure, in Parian marble, is done in fine style.

13. THE TORSO, or the TRUNK OF CUPID, called the GRECIAN CUPID. This beautiful figure is known by the name of the Grecian Cupid, who was sometimes, as in this instance, represented under the maturer age of adolescence, and possessed a character much more mild and reasonable than that attributed to the son of Mars and Venus. The supposition that this statue was intended for a Cupid is, perhaps, drawn from the evident marks of its having been originally with wings, one of the attributes of his divinity; but however the intention of the artist may be mistaken as to the subject, it will remain a monument of his excellence in his art. This beautiful fragment, in Parian marble is taken from the museum of the Vatican, and was found at Centocelle, on the route from Rome to Palestrina, the same place where the fine statue of Adonis was found, which is now in the Louvre. It is likely, that this figure and many other copies of it which carry the quiver and the bow, were executed after the celebrated Cupid of *Praxitiles* which was to be seen at Parium.

14. THE FIRST SET OF MUSCLES IN THE HUMAN SUBJECT, by the artist Houdon. A full length statue intended for students which is so highly esteemed, and seems so well calculated for the purposes of the Academy, that it has been introduced from a conviction of its usefulness. As auxiliary to young designers, the feet and hands of the *Farnese Hercules*, two casts of mouths and noses from the antique, and two ears by a modern artist, are also here.

15. A small copy of the FARNESE HERCULES, which is said to be admirably executed.

16. A small copy in marble of the VENUS DE MEDICI, and

17. A small copy in marble of ANTINOUS OF THE CAPITOL, both presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts by Henry Wikoff, Esq. of Philadelphia.

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Among the Busts distinguished for the elegance of the workmanship, or the interest of the characters, are the following:

1. The *Mask of Jupiter*. Among the antique monuments which present us the image of this chief of gods and men, there is none more grand or pleasing than this. The serenity, the sweetness, and the majesty, which reign in all the features of this sublime head, give a perfect idea of the attributes which the ancients gave to Jupiter. This head, in *marble de Luni*, is taken from the Museum of

the Vatican, where Pius VI placed it. It was found in the ruins of the *Colonia Ocriculana*, now called Otricoli, about seventeen leagues from Rome on the Flaminian road. It probably belonged to a colossal statue.

2. *Homer.* This fine bust represents the immortal Homer, the father of Grecian poety, and to whom seven cities disputed the honour of having given birth. The bandeau, or diadem which encircles his head, is the emblem of the divinity which his exalted genius merited, and which obtained him the honour of his apotheosis. The formation of the eyes, of admirable execution, indicates blindness, a misfortune under which this celebrated poet is generally supposed to have laboured. This bust, in Pentelican marble, is taken from the museum of the Capitol. It was first discovered by the antiquary *Ficoroni*, who accidentally met with it in the place of a common stone in the wall of the palace *Caetani*, he bought it and gave it to the Cardinal Alexander *Albani*, who sold it afterwards to Clement XII. Although the portrait of Homer has always been considered doubtful, even among the ancients, it is yet well known that busts, similar to this, have passed under his name.

3. *Diana, of Versailles.* The superb statue from which this bust is taken, is in Parian marble, and we are informed of its being in France during the reign of Henry IV. It was without doubt the most perfect of all the *antiquee*, which were to be found there, before the conquest of Italy enriched France with so many *chef d'œuvres.*

4. The *Head of Rome*, of which the entire statue is now at Rome in Parian marble. This bust is taken from the gallery of the Chateau de Richelieu.

5. A *Faun* suspended from a tree, probably a personification of the river Tiber.

6. *Minerva.* This bust is antique, and being in the same style of a very elegant statue in Pentelican marble, which was known in the ducal palace of Modena, it is supposed to have been taken from it.

7. *Venus of Arles.* This bust is taken from a statue found at *Arles*, in 1651, and which makes one of the principal ornaments of the gallery at Versailles. It is in Greek marble, and this bust was worked by *Mellan*, in 1669.

8. *Euripides.* This bust presents to us the features of one of the most celebrated tragick poets of Greece: The correctness of this portrait is proved by its entire resemblance to another bust which is at Rome, and on which the name of Euripides is engraven in Greek: It is executed in Pentelican marble, and taken from the academy at Mantua.

9. *Cicero.* This bust, executed in Pentelican marble, is taken from the museum of the Capitol at Rome.

10. *Hippocrates*, the father of medicine, was born at Cos, about 460 years before the vulgar era, and is here represented in his most advanced age. The correctness of this portrait, as well as those which are at Rome and Florence, is known by its resemblance to one which is preserved on a medal, struck at Cos, his birth-place, and which was found in the cabinet of *Fulvius Ursinus.*

11. *Demosthenes.* The statue from which this bust is taken was formerly at the villa *Montalto*, now *Negroni*, on Mount Esquilin, whence Pius VI transported it to the Vatican. This head is antique.

12. *Socrates.* Proofs of the correctness of this likeness may be found in the fifth volume of the description of the museum of *Pio Clementino.*

13. *Seneca.* This bust is taken from a fine statue in the Borghese Palace.

14. *Diogenes.*

15. *Lucius Junius Brutus*, taken from a bust in bronze at the Capitol in Rome.

16. *Ulysses.*

17. *Alexander the Great. Alexander Severus.*

19. Vespasian.

20. *Nero*, the last of the *Cæsars* of the race of Augustus. The portrait of this monster is not flattered in this bust, which delineates the unrelenting

frown of a negro-driver, and the insolent air of an unprincipled ruffian in power. This is copied from the bronze which was moulded from the original in the 16th century.

21. *Titus.*

22. *Caracalla.* The ferocious look, and the turn of the head towards the left side, make this portrait in Pentelican marble, an exact resemblance of the celebrated *Farnesian* bust of this cruel emperour.

23. *Vitellius*, is taken from the hall of antiques in the Louvre.

24. *Sappho.*

25. *Group of Niobe.* Among the busts which ornament the museum, this group, with the head of Niobe ought to engage particular attention, from the acknowledged purity of style that reigns throughout the heads which compose it. The Abbe Winkelmann, a most classical judge of the arts, has pronounced the head of Niobe to be a model of the highest style of beauty; and *Guido*, the *painter of the Graces*, made it his peculiar study. The age of their execution is supposed to be that of the highest glory of the arts, that is, in the time of *Phidias;* but it is not ascertained whether the statues, which now compose this interesting group at Florence, are the originals or not. By the jealousy and hatred of Latona, the children of Niobe fell victims to the darts of Apollo and Diana, and the expression of the head of Niobe is strongly indicative of peculiar distress.

For The Port Folio.

"Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
"And then is heard no more. It is a tale
"Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
"Signifying nothing.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thus speaks that great and sublime genius and that profound and accurate observer of human nature. It requires, however, no demonstration of Euclid, no apparition to rise from the dead, to prove to us the uncertainty of human events. It is the conviction of this truth that should be impressed upon the mind and the regulation of our conduct agreeable to this conviction, that are so necessary. The shortness and uncertainty of life, and the instability of human events, are ever present to our view; and we must be blind and inattentive indeed, if we do not observe these calls to the practice of virtue. But the majority of mankind appear to be unconscious of the reflections that ought to arise from the events that occur every day. The gloomy misanthropist, disgusted with every thing that he meets in this world would willingly desert his station, and perhaps determines that his own hand shall effect what accident or the laws are dilatory in producing. The gay voluptuous Epicurean on the other hand, is strongly attached to this world and every circumstance occurs, but to furnish him with unlawful and irregular pleasures. The votaries of pleasure hurried on with the giddy crowd, stop not to consider; find no time for serious thought and reflection. In the midst of short, transient, fleeting joys, they live as if this state of things was to last forever. The utmost extent of their wishes, to figure, to excite attention and admiration among the gay and thoughtless. A splendid dwelling, rich furniture, dazzling equipage, dress and show, fix their vain thoughts. In a constant round of fashionable meetings, their hours roll on; routs and parties occupy their mispent time; the same thing occurs frequently, the same scenes return at stated hours; no opportunity for observation, for improvement, for benefit, for variety; and though apathy and disgusting *ennui* should throw a gloom and disrelish over all their pleasures, still do they want resolution to tear themselves away and alter their course of life. I do not wish to condemn the elegance and show that give respectability and dignity to character, nor the assemblage of friends and relatives that produces refinement of manners, indulges our useful and social affections, and consequently improves society; on the contrary, these I would applaud. But it is the ex-

cessive indulgence of these enjoyments, that saps the foundation of order in society, is productive of vice and irregularity in the world, and is one of the prime destroyers of that health and constitution which Heaven has given us for better purposes. It is the excess of expense beyond our means that involves—the midnight revelling, the dissipation and irregularity that destroys morality and saps the springs of life: the vanity of trifles that occupy the mind and shut out more important and useful occupations. These, these are the fiends that walk abroad and deal devastation and destruction around—Oh!

"Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!"

After an unrestrained indulgence in these scenes of fashionable gayety and pleasures, it is difficult to tear ourselves away and relinquish those pursuits; and however strong our disposition may be to lead us to the attempt, our resolution frequently fails; did it depend upon ourselves, perhaps we never should succeed. It is, then, often necessary for the hand of Providence to interfere and save us from this destruction of the soul. How often do we witness the instability of these transitory enjoyments! How often, in the midst of luxury, gayety and voluptuousness; on the commanding heights of splendid fortune; in the whirl of pleasure; in the rapid, thoughtless moments of dissipation, are the deluded victims seized and stopped in their mad career, and hurled from their high station to the lowest abyss of poverty and misery. Forced out of the circle of their former pleasures, deprived of the means of enjoyment, they lie prostrated, helpless victims of Fortune and dependent upon the attention of some charitable benevolent soul. This is the moment to try their fortitude, to call forth the means they ought to have provided against an adverse moment; to prove to them the folly of their former conduct, and to show the vanity and frivolity of the things they have been pursuing.

Adversity is the school of virtue, but alas! in this school they have unfortunately, not been educated. Depressed and sunk in this low state, they look around for support and consolation. In vain they call upon their former friends, their former pleasures to support them through these trials. Their friends, like the passing breeze of summer, existed, and are no more: their former pleasures, their mispent hours, like fiends, haunt their minds and destroy their peace. An approving consciousness of having passed their time profitably they cannot possess. The healing tender balm of religion and piety is wanting to administer support and consolation to them. Death comes, perhaps, a welcome visitor, to relieve them from their troubles.

MORTIMER.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

Ode—On the prospect of Eton College.

The exordium still fixes our attention.

Silver-winding way.

'This compound epithet,' says Mr. Wakefield, 'is an incongruous combination. A *silver-winding way* is a *way* that *winds with* or *like silver*, which is absurd. The passage would not be exceptionable if the words were separated—his silver winding way; and silver made an adjective, as in Pope,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

I feel the gales that from ye blow.

'This use of *ye*, though common enough in our earlier writers, is a most gross and offensive *grammatical* errour: out of mere charity to the reader, it should be corrected:

I feel the gales that from you blow.

My weary soul they seem to sooth.

'The learned reader will observe, that *they seem* is here employed to signify a *reality*, like the δοκουσιν of the elegant Greek writers.

Παντ' ωδειν δειος μαλα πιονος.

Of Summer all was redolent.

In a similar construction, Milton has—lenient of grief.—*Sams. Agon.*

His supplication to father Thames, says Johnson, *to tell him who drives the hoop and tosses the ball, is useless and puerile: father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself:*

Say, father Thames (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace)
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm the glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest labours bent,
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,
To sweeten liberty.

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still, as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Mr. Wakefield's notes on these stanzas will gratify every reader.

By slow Meander's *margent green*,
And in the violet embroider'd vale.
MILT. COM. 232.

'This stanza is poetical, and has the merit of expressing trivial things with dignity.'

To chase the rolling circle's speed.

The verse would have been more poetical in this form:

To chase the circle's rolling speed.

And snatch a fearful joy.

'A very happy expression: and equally happy in that stroke of the evangelist, "and they went speedily from the tomb with *fear* and *great joy*." Matt. XXVIII, 8; and that of the psalmist, "Rejoice with trembling." 1, 2. So the sublime Lucretius:

His tibi me rebus quædam divinæ voluptas
Percipit, atque *horror*. II, 28.

And his great imitator, Virgil:

Obstupuit simul ipse, simul perculsus Achates
Lætitia que *metu*que. ÆN. I, 517

They had before seen a similar beauty in their master:

———ἡ δ'αρα μιν χνωδεϊ δεξατο κολπῳ
Δακρυοεν γελασασα.

IL. Z. 482.

She took him to her fragrant breast.
Smiling in tears.

And in another most natural and affecting passage:

Πασιν δ' ἱμερτεις ὑπεδυ γοος.

OD. K. 398.

All sympathiz'd in *sadly-pleasing tears*.

And in Pindar:

Εσα δε θαμβει δυσφορῳ
Τερπνα τεμιχθεις.

NEM. I, Stroph. 4.

Nonnus, too, in his metrical paraphrase of John's Gospel, has well expressed this mixture of sensations:

Πανθεϊ λυοκενη και χαρματι.

C. XI, v. 29.

Dissolv'd in *grief* and *joy*.

But nothing of this kind can exceed a description of King Lear:

But his flaw'd heart,
Alack! too weak the conflict to support
'Twixt two extremes of passion, *joy* and *grief*,
Burst smilingly.

ACT V, Sc. 8.

We differ from Mr. W. on the question of the epithet *rolling*, which we think rightly applied to the *circle* by the poet, and wrongly, to *speed*, by the critick. As it stands, the expression is definite. A *rolling* circle is so far a *peculiar* circle, as that it may well signify a *hoop*; but *circle*, alone, is *any* circle. Add to this, we make nothing of *rolling speed*.

The address to *father Thames* we shall leave to the conclusive defence of Mr. Wakefield: meanwhile, we cannot avoid expressing our surprise, that, among the numerous examples of plagiary which have been offered against Mr. Gray, many of which (so frequently do writers accidentally think and express themselves like others) must be regarded as highly doubtful. This, which we suppose to be unquestionable, has not, to our knowledge, been instanced: the rea-

der need only compare the address of Gray with that of Green, in his poem entitled, *The Grotto*, the same to which Gray is confessedly indebted in his *Ode to Spring*.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace,
Gives leave to view *what beauties grace*
Your flow'ry banks, if *you have seen*
The much-sung grotto of the queen?
Contemplative, forget a while
Oxonian tow'rs and *Windsor's pile*,
And Wolsey's pride, &c.

Our readers will probably agree with Mr. Wakefield, that Dr. Johnson is in the wrong with respect to the epithet *buxom*. When the latter says, that Mr. Gray seems not to understand the meaning of the word, he alludes to its *primitive meaning;* but Gray uses it in the *secondary*, and Mr. Wakefield shows that Johnson has himself so explained it. In the primitive sense, *buxom* is unquestionably *buck-some*, and is therefore used with the strictest propriety by Lloyd:

Our nymphs are as *buxom* as *does;*

And perhaps this was originally meant by the phrase BUXOM *lass*. In the secondary sense, however, *buxom* means no more than *gay*, *playful*, full of *vivacity;* and *buxom Health* conveys to every man's imagination that *cheerfulness* and *flow of spirits*, which was essential to the poet to distinguish from health as it respects *strength* alone.

Gay Hope is theirs by Fancy led,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed;
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health of rosy hue;
Wild Wit; Invention ever new;
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born:
The thoughtless day, the easy night;
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

'This, says Mr. W. is at once poetical and just; and yet there seems to be an impropriety in the next verse:

Less pleasing when possest:

for, though the *object* of *hope* may truly be said to be *less pleasing* in *possession* than in the *fancy;* yet *hope*, in person, cannot possibly be *possessed:* for, as the *apostle* truly says, "Hope that is seen, is no longer hope; for what a man seeth, how can he also expect to see?" ROM. VIII, 240.

It is not easy to discover the sense of Cheer in this verse; for, if it mean *sprightliness* and *gayety*, the word is redundant and tautological:

And on our sudden coming there
Will double all the mirth and *cheer*.
COMUS, 954.

That fly—

'A pretty conclusion this of a most lively and natural description of that sprightly and enchanting age.'

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

PROLOGUE

To the New Play of

ADRIAN AND ORRILLA; OR A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE.

Written by Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

Long has the *Stage*, determined to impart
Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,
Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,
Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray.
With elevation now, the alter'd muse
That praise rejects, which virtue should refuse:
In fancy's rose no vivid colour sees,
Unless that vividness the just can please;
In wit's gay brilliant owns no sparkling gem,
Unless allow'd as brilliancy by them;
Proud of no praise, of no distinction vain,
Unless distinguish'd in the moral train,
Celebrity she holds as disrepute,
And scorns all laurel from a shameful root!
Licentious follies rarely intervene,
And truth, and sense, and honour claim the scene!
When love's distress shall in our story rise,
Let sighs break forth—for those are Nature's sighs.
When persecuted Worth in grief appears,
Be proud to weep—for those are Virtue's tears.
But to our authour: each dramatick bard
Solicits, but in vain, a long regard;

Form'd to attract the fashion of the day,
They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away.
They gain, at most, employ'd in such a cause,
Uncertain honour, fugitive applause!—
Now hopes, now fears, his anxious heart compose,
Half sunk by these, and just upheld by those;
For in our days, when envy smiles to sting,
Grief follows joy, and praises censure bring.
When wits and heroes, and the critick few,
Here let me pass, and, ladies, plead to you;
You, for whose favour ev'ry wit is bright,
All criticks comment, and all heroes fight!
Protection from the fair at once conveys
Ample renown, consolidated praise;
For Truth acknowledges, in Nature's name,
The smiles of Beauty are the wreaths of Fame!
Urg'd still by them, by their reward impress'd,
Each noble passion animates the breast;
They form the heart to ev'ry aim refin'd,
Exalt, delight, and dignify mankind.

—

Pleasure and business contrast and give a relish to each other, like day and night; the constant vicissitudes of which, are far more delightful than any uninterrupted half year of either.

To pass life in the most agreeable manner, one ought to be so much a man of pleasure as to postpone any necessary business; not so much a man of business as to despise elegant amusement. A proper mixture of both, forms a more infallible specifick against *tedium* and fatigue, than a constant regimen of the most pleasant of the two.

—

THE NURSING OF LOVE.

Lap'd on Cythera's golden sands
When first True Love was born on earth,
Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands
Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claimed the sweet employ,
Her cup, her thornless flowers, she said,
Would feed him best with health and joy,
And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd
The tricks and changeful mind of Youth;
Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd,
Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth:

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own,
But Prudence disallow'd her right,
She deem'd her Iris' pinions shone
Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was given
And well with Hope the cherub throve,
'Till Innocence came down from Heaven,
Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love!

Pleasure grew mad with envious spite,
When all preferr'd to her she found;
She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,
When, pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,
Tired Innocence to Slumber's pow'r
One moment bow'd her virgin-head:

Then Pleasure on the thoughtless child
Her toys and sugar'd poisons prest;
Drunk with new joy, he heaved, he smiled,
Reel'd—sunk—and died upon her breast!

—

The scene of the Indian abuse is distant indeed; but we must not infer, that the value of our interest in it is decreased in proportion as it recedes from our view. In our politicks, as in our common conduct, we shall be worse than infants, if we do not put our Senses under the tuition of our Judgment, and effectually cure curselves of that optical illusion which makes a briar at our nose of greater magnitude, than an oak at five hundred yards distance.—*Burke.*

—

SONNET.

By Derwent's rapid stream as oft I stray'd,
With Infancy's light step and glances wild,
And saw vast rocks, on steepy mountains pil'd,
Frown o'er the umbrageous glen; or pleas'd survey'd,
The cloudy moonshine in the shadowy glade,
Romantick Nature to th' enthusiast child
Grew dearer far than when serene she smil'd,
In uncontrasted loveliness array'd,
But, O! in every scene, with sacred sway,
Her graces fire me: from the bloom that spreads
Resplendent in the lucid morn of May,
To the green light the little glow-worm sheds
On mossy banks, when midnight glooms prevail,
And softest Silence broods o'er all the dale.

—

While their cares are contracted, and all their feelings absorbed, within the compass of their own skin, some pepole who affect sensibility, seem often convinced, that they are of the most humane disposition, and the most extensive benevolence, upon no better foundation, than because they have felt themselves affected by the artful distresses of a romance, and because they could shed a few barren tears at a tragedy.

If they have occasionally given a guinea, they think of having carried benevolence to the utmost length. They have no notion beyond this; nor would they interrupt the tranquillity of their own indolence, to perform the most essential service to any of the human race.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

The opinions of wise men, of mature age, various reading, and great experience, are entitled to the most profound respect from every man, whose sobriety of intellect is not disturbed by the fumes of republican indigestion. The following is an extract from a letter to the Editor, written by a sagacious statesman. We hope it will be read and remembered; and may it excite not only the blush of shame, but the desire of reformation.

We are fallen in evil times; and these are growing still worse. When I think on the very short period since the commencement of our *republican institutions* and of their *actual decrepitude*, I own I am *shocked*. Our *fond* notions of *the superiour virtue and information* of our countrymen we find to be but *waking dreams*. Yet a small number of *enlightened statesmen*, instructed by History, predicted the short duration. One of the most distinguished told me, yesterday, that when he was putting his name to the Constitution, he said to those about him "It will not survive twenty-four years!" Yet no one made greater efforts to give it a durable establishment. The *number* is now *small*, whom the experiment has convinced of the correctness of this opinion. However, we must not abandon the publick interest; but by a concurrence with the *best portion* of the enemies to the Federal administration, of whom many begin to see their errours, give a check to present evils, and render the final changes, whatever they may be, the less terrible.

—

An enlightened foreigner, with a mind remarkably free from political prejudice, and who visited this country with a strong prepossession in its favour, after diligently surveying its face and studying the constitution of the country, gives the following deliberate opinion in a private letter to a gentleman and a friend, although the letter writer knew that such a declaration would probably offend his correspondent.

From the moment I began to think seriously on the subject, the evil tendency of *Democracy* has become more obvious to me every day. *America* HAS COMPLETED MY CONVICTION. If there still lurked one latent spark of republicanism within my mind, the *imbruting* effects of such a system in this country has *forever extinguished it*; and I would rather kiss the feet of a Mogul, or a Lama than be the *idol* of such *ignorant, arrogant* politicians.

—

SALLUST, who well knew the nature of a popular government, and who appears thoroughly to understand the genius and motives of every seditious scoundrel, thus truly and finely describes the *mob* of Rome during the conspiracy of Cataline.

Omnino *cuncta plebes novarum* rerum *studio*, Catalinae incepta probabat. Id ades *more suo* videbatur facere. Nam *semper* in *civitate* quis opes nulla sunt bonis invident malos extollunt, *vetera odere*, nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum *mutari* omnia student, turba atque seditionibus sine cura aluntur, quoniam egestas facile habetur sine damno.

—

By the simpering sons of spurious candour, and all the *luke warm tribe*, who, by the bye, are more injurious to the true interests of this country than the most outrageous among the Jacobins; the strong language of party feeling is talked of sometimes as the blemish of political controversy, and sometimes as the bane of social happiness. But this sort of affectation is nothing but the idiotism of drivellers or the cant of hypocrisy.

—

Strong and *glaring* colours are *necessary* to attract the publick eye, to call the attention of men to their political DUTY, who are immersed in commercial, selfish and private concerns; and who, busied in the walks of active, life would not have perceived the *faint shadowing* of a *timid* delineator.

—

The popularity of the present chief magistrate of this unhappy country is as perishable as the popularity of *Richard* Cromwell, or Jack Cade. By that sort of device, which imposes upon shallow minds, he gained the eminence of a Commonwealth. But the winds begin to blow, and the garment of hypocrisy is already disordered. When he sinks, he sinks like "common people" to their graves, and is talked of no more. The very instant he drops his political mantle, that threadbare and tarnished garment of mean and flimsy materials will

dwindle into the worthlessness of old rags, and be completely covered with all the cobwebs of oblivion.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

A literary gentleman from the University of Cambridge, in England, who arrived in this city in the autumn of last year, is employed in writing a work which he entitles "The Stranger in America;" to be comprised in four 12mo. volumes. The first volume contains his observations in and near Philadelphia, during a residence of 6 months. The other three volumes will consist of views of society and manners of the United States, in the year 1807. Each volume will be embellished with appropriate sketches of publick buildings, &c. We understand that the first volume is already forwarded to England for immediate publication, and that it will be published here, about the month of September next.

MERRIMENT

As a clergyman was burying a corpse, a poor woman came and pulled him by the sleeve, in the middle of the service. "Sir, Sir, I want to speak with you." Prithee, wait, woman, till I have done." "No, Sir, I must speak to you immediately." "Well, then, what is the matter?" "Why, Sir, you are going to bury a man who died of the small-pox near my poor husband who never had it."

—

Mr. M——, master of the king's school, Canterbury, being at a place where a gentleman expressed great apprehensions on account of a bleeding he was next morning to undergo, by advice of his physician; a punster, then present, told him, he would recommend him to employ that gentleman, (pointing to Mr. M——) who was a very safe and able *flay-bottomist*.

—

A clergyman, of an indifferent character, going to read prayers at a remote village in the west of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old-fashioned one. "I think," said he to the clerk, "the devil is in the surplice:" the astonished clerk stared till he got it on, and then sarcastically exclaimed, "I thinks as how he is, sir."

—

A certain Prelate famed for his eloquence, and accustomed to speak in publick, uttering an harangue one day before Louis XIV, who had an air of royalty that inspired with awe, all those who approached him, was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The king perceiving it, and touched with his distress, said, in the sweetest manner possible, "My lord, we are obliged to you for giving us time to admire the fine things you have been saying."

—

The Duke of York, it is said, one day told the king, his brother, that he had heard so much of old Milton, he had a great desire to see him. Charles told the Duke he had no objection to his satisfying his curiosity; and accordingly, shortly after, James, having informed himself where Milton lived, went privately to his house. Being introduced to him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his guest, they conversed together for some time; but, in the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against the late king, his father? Milton's reply was to this effect: "If your highness thinks that the calamaties which befal us here are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than against me, for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his *head*." The duke was exceedingly nettled at this answer, and went away soon after, very angry. When he came back to the court, the first thing he said to the king was, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue Milton hanged." "Why, what's the matter, James?" said the king, "you seem in a heat. What, have you seen Milton?" "Yes," answered the duke, "I have seen him." "Well," said the king, "in what condition did you find him?" "Condition!" replied the duke, "why he's old, and very poor." "Old and poor," said the king; "well, and he is blind, is he not?" "Yes." said the duke, "blind as a beetle." "Why then you are a fool, James," replied the king, "to want to have him hanged as a punishment; to hang him will be doing him a service: it will be taking him out of his miseries. No, if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough in all conscience: let him live."

On the first of May, 1782, when the majesty of the people was much insisted on by the patriots, George Selwyn, happening to meet a party of chimney-sweepers, decorated with gilt paper, and other ornaments, exclaimed, "I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of the young princes."

—

A clown, in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size that the tackle he had made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head, with much vexation, exclaimed, "hang the hogs that did not eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I should not have had this trouble with thee."

—

Mr. A——, one evening when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn-players, and asked why they were not playing; they said they had twenty bars rest. "*Rest!*" says he, "I'll have nobody to rest in my company; I pay you for playing, not for resting."

—

The late lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physick, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and wished on a particular occasion to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon different matters, complained of the head-ach, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection; and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me? "A propos," said lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the house today?" Lord R—— answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of?" The earl having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment: he carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done as much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

—

A certain clergyman who had been once involved in a fray, had obtained the name of the Bruising Parson. Being examined at the Old Bailey, on some future, though similar, occasion, the counsel, according to the illiberal custom of the court, attempted to browbeat him. "I think you are the bruising parson," said he, "I am," replied the divine, "and if you doubt it, and will come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

—

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury Lane Theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he, and the whole company in the box, were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued till the end of the act, when the doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried, "Psha! sir, how can you be so much mistaken? your place is in the shilling gallery."

—

A gentleman of a bold spirit and wit being examined before the House of Commons, the speaker put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him; at last he asked what country man he was. "Of Kent," said he; adding, "and now, sir, may I demand the same of you?" "I am out of the West," says the other. "By my troth," replied he, "so I thought, for the *wise* men came from the East."

—

When the amiable dutchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, at the sign of the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for her and her suite, which consisted only of five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general item of "Expenses for the night, fourteen Louis D'ors." In vain did he remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the dutchess, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to her carriage; and after making many congées, and expressing much thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her grace's company on her return. "Why, possibly you may," said the dutchess, with her usual good humour, "but it must be on one condition, that you do not mistake me for your sign."

—

A country boy having been hired by a gentleman of some rank in town, endeavoured, to the utmost of his power, to make himself useful, and avoid the necessity of being so frequently told of many trifling things, as country lads generally are. This officiousness, however, once operated rather to his disadvantage: his master had sent him down stairs for two bottles of wine; when he came into the parlour with them, he said to him, "well, John, have you shook them?" The poor boy, ever anxious to please, replied, "no, sir, but I *will*."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers may remember that in the 17th No. of The Port Folio we requested the loan of Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman-street." The moment this article appeared, some courteous knight *with his vizor on;* in plain English, some obliging, but modest friend, who has carefully concealed his name, sent the editor a most beautiful edition of the Works of Cowley, and, in a manner which enhances the obligation, requested that the volumes might be viewed, not as a loan but a largess. Of such urbanity as this from an entire stranger, there are not many examples in a selfish world; and our anonymous correspondent, to gratify what may be justly styled the liberal curiosity of literature, is thus publickly thanked with no vulgar measure of gratitude.

Our friend, who dates his communication at B——, is assured that his letter revives the most agreeable recollections. We remember with delight his colloquial and literary powers.

> Nor yet ungrac'd shall —— remain,
> Serene in fancy, nor in science vain;
> But still tho' oft his various works I scan,
> I quit the volume, when I find the man.

The opinion which one of the most ardent of our friends has expressed respecting the utility of a literary Journal, is fully corroborated by the authority of Johnson, whose own experience gave him a right to say that "as long as those who write are ambitious of making converts, and of giving to their opinions a maximum of influence and celebrity, *the most extensively circulated miscellany* will repay with the greatest effect the curiosity of those who read either for amusement or instruction."

The Catalogue of the Busts and Statues in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, is not, as the polite reader will immediately perceive, a mere muster-roll of names, nor a dry skeleton of description. Like some of the objects it describes, it has the essential form of grace. We hope that so lucid a history of what is most interesting among the figures of the Academy, will induce many to resort there, and, at once, gratify a curiosity the most liberal, and benefit the Institution itself. The Fine Arts, like certain flowers of the most exquisite fragrance and beauty, require the most genial influence to bring them to maturity.

The principles of S. are stable "as the everlasting hills." All his notions on government are justified by the nature of man and the lessons of history. He is firmly and honestly attached to the *old orthodox* system in politicks, not from selfish or venal views, but on the sound, liberal, and consistent principles of order, experience, dignity, honour, spirit, integrity, and *conviction*.

We are apprehensive that we never praise "A." sufficiently. It is not from want of zeal or want of inclination, but from deficient power. The editor, like the Horace of Augustus, may exclaim to his friend,

> Laudes tuas
> Culpa delerere in genî.

We should be delighted to inspect the Tour through Italy. We know the traveller explor'd a classical country with bright eyes, and that he has advantageously seen the "*præceps anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda Mobilibus pomaria rivis.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

E. W. is aware that the pensive offering of her Muse arrives too late to be entwin'd with May flowers. But as "all times—all seasons in their change," call forth the strain of tender recollection, the Editor of The Port Folio will require no apology when his correspondent avails herself of privileges sanction'd by his politeness and grateful to her feelings.

> Season of vernal charms, sweet May!
> Thy waving woods, again, unfold;
> Scatter rich odours on thy way,
> And bring thy glossy cups of gold;
> Ah! hither haste, with air serene,
> And rest upon this bank of green.
> Sorrow, with pensive vigils pale,
> Marks the retiring shadows glide:
> The spring-bird, warbles through the vale
> Its vesper soft, at even-tide—

And meek devotion's choral shell
Wafts on the breeze its solemn swell.
Now Fancy's feet are wet with dew,
As, ling'ring in her secret bower,
See cull'd the blossom's vermil hue,
And rifled ev'ry fragrant flow'r—
With drooping Cypress leaves to twine
The lily fair and eglantine.
The tender strain that Friendship breathes,
(Sounds that have sooth'd my list'ning ear)
These buds of Spring—those cypress leaves,
Glist'ning with Sorrow's recent tear,
Oft as the winged hours return
Shall wake the sigh at *William's* urn.

E.

For The Port Folio.

PARODY.

The story of King Arthur old,
And More, that dragon-slayer bold,
I strove to sing—in vain I strove—
My catgut squeak'd "how sweet is love."
A thousand ways I turn'd each screw,
And resin'd every string anew.
Again I try'd, "God prosper long"—
Broke in the middle was my song—
I found each faint idea flown
In "Joys of love are joys alone."
Adieu each big, each lofty air!
Come "Leinster fam'd for maidens fair!"
Adieu each tale so blithe and merry
Of John and the Priest of Canterbury!
My fiddle now alone can tell
The charms of beauteous Florimel.

For The Port Folio.

TO MARIA,

WITH A VENETIAN CHAIN.

Love's cruel chains are worn with tears,
With sighs and doubts and hopes and fears,
And as the hapless wretches bear
Beneath their weight a heart of care,
They curse the tyrant's unrelenting rage,
And furnish matter for the tragick page.
But, ah! how pleasing are those chains of gold!
Which round her favourites Friendship loves to bind;
No hearts rebellious do they e'er unfold,
Or do they check the sympathetick mind.
Then, dear Maria, wear this little chain,
Nor let their fairy links oppressive be;
Whose weight entwin'd around will give no pain,
But gently pressing make thee think of me.

Lines, addressed to the Editor, and accompanying a present of a very elegant Silver Snuffbox of curious Chinese workmanship.

Here, Joe, accept of this Cephalick snuff,
To know 'tis Friendship's offering is enough;
Should care oppress, or the blue devils come,
This little box will drive those devils home,
And every pinch that soothing thou shalt find,
Must bring facetious W——* to thy mind.

For The Port Folio.

New Application of a law Maxim.

A Counsel once of pigmy size
To make a motion did arise;
But Kenyon's sight his sense defeated,
And, thinking still the man was seated,
"'Tis common, sir, for all, said he,
To stand when they're addressing me."
Dumb was the Counsel and offended,
When thus a wag his cause defended:
"Justice from you, My Lord, my friend expects,
You know, *diminimis non curat lex*."

EPITAPHS.

A White Chapel Epitaph.

Here lies honest *Stephen* with *Mary* his bride,
Who merrily liv'd, and cheerfully died.
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they were able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.
This marble which formerly serv'd 'em to drink on,
Now covers their bodies; a sad thing to think on!
That do what one can to moisten our clay,
'Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.

On Coleman, a plotting papist, in the reign of Charles II.

If heav'n be pleas'd, when sinners cease to sin;
If hell be pleas'd, when sinners enter in;
If earth be pleas'd, when ridded of a knave;
Then all are pleas'd—for *Coleman's* in his grave.

---

* The name of the sprightly donor, a gentleman who is justly dear to his friends for the generosity of his temper, the frankness of his manners, and the vivacity of his wit.

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